Mike and Melissa
Episode 31: Mike and Melissa and Metal AKA The King Incident AKA Mike Gets Slaughtered

SCENE 1- EXT. BACKYARD BOXING RING, 8/14/2012, 3PM

The DOWNRIVER crew is still together, gettin' ready to film the big boxing match with that lousy ring that we built. Remember that? The PA system is playing TOOL this time. JOSH, STEVE and I are off to the side. BILLY is in the ring running the choreography with NICK and GENO. The kid playing COLTON is running amok with an annoying little toy.

STEVE
Merrrrrk!

MIKE
Sterrrrrrv!

STEVE
Merrrrrk!

MIKE
Sterrrrrrv!

STEVE
Merrrrrk!

MIKE
Sterrrrrrv!

TONY, the 1st assistant camera guy, passes by.

TONY
That's quite possibly the dumbest interchange I've ever heard between two people.

MIKE
Clearly you don't hang out with us very much.

He keeps walking.

STEVE
Is it me, or is the air on set a little more relaxed than it has been?

MIKE
Maybe... maybe everyone's happier because we finally changed the music up.

JOSH
I gotta say, I'm really glad we were able to reach a compromise
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSH (cont’d)
with Billy about the choice of music.

MIKE
Tell me about it. I’m not sure how much Tool sets the mood for a big fight scene, but hey I ain’t complainin’.

JOSH
What would you play?

MIKE
Pantera probably... some ridiculous beat ’em up kinda stuff.

JOSH
Might Pantera be a bit over the top for a backyard fight between two 15 year old kids?

MIKE
Yeah, but that’d highlight the comedic absurdity of the situation, right? This is supposed to be a comedy, right???

STEVE
Heh, in that case, maybe they should play some of that "Kings of Flint" band, huh?

MIKE
Oh god... don’t remind me of that.

STEVE
Too late, I already did.

BILLY
Alright everyone, set’s up for rehearsal, let’s run the choreography full-speed.

Everyone, including myself and JOSH, move into position.

NICK
So he’s NOT really hitting me, right?

BILLY
No, he is.

NICK
WHAT?!?!?!?!?

BILLY
Keep those hands up! Aaand action!

GENO pops NICK really good, knocking him to the floor.

BILLY
Damn it, all wrong! Nick you weren’t supposed to go down until-

RYAN
Billy, I think he actually got KO’d.

BILLY
Oh. Well... let’s give him a minute. [aside to RYAN] I wish we’d been filming that. That would’ve been a really good shot.

NICK
YOU UNBELIEVABLE DICK!!!

INTRO SEQUENCE!!!

SCENE 2- EXT. BACKYARD BOXING RING, 8/14/2012, 8PM

We’re packing up after another long day. NICK is returning his LAV set, his head still clearly ringing. Nearby our sound station, one of the grips LAURA(?) is playing keepaway with COLTON’s toy.

MIKE
You’re a true professional, you know that?

NICK
Thanks. I love it though, this set is a new surprise every day. I can’t wait to see how they try to kill me tomorrow!

He walks off.

COLTON
Come on, give it back!

LAURA
Nope. Billy said to have me hold onto it so you wouldn’t get in our way while we pack up.

RICH passes by, rolling up an extension cable.

RICH
Come on, buddy. Didn’t your mother ever tell you how to get something from a woman? Just tell her how pretty she is.

COLTON
Yeah, but my mom also told me not to tell lies.

A collective OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO goes up around the set. Burn!

MIKE
Wow... that was brutal. If the show tomorrow is anywhere near half as brutal as that, I’ll be satisfied.

JOSH
So about tomorrow... you won’t be able to come in for any part of the day?

MIKE
I mean, we probably won’t be ready to shoot until like noon, right? And doors open at two so I’d pretty much have to leave as soon as I get here.

JOSH
Right... and you got it squared away with Kristi and Billy and all them?

MIKE
I told Kristi, and I figured either her or you would tell Billy if he asks. Is Steve gonna be holding the mic tomorrow then?

STEVE
Sterrrrrv!

JOSH
No, Quazi is actually.

MIKE
Quazi?

JOSH
Yeah, he’s been on sound crew since the beginning. He’s responsible for filling out the sound logs, wrangling cables, and transferring SD cards to and from the DIT.

LI comes by and hands JOSH our SD cards.

LI
That’s me! I’m the DIT!

JOSH
In theory that’s what he’s supposed to be doing anyways...

Cut away to QUAZI just sort of staring at the wall.

MIKE
Well... I leave you in his capable hands. And if it gets really bad... hey, it’s only one day, right?

JOSH
Gee, thanks...

STEVE
Hey wait a minute, tomorrow was supposed to be our big fight! You set it up so that would happen, didn’t you, you chicken?

MIKE
...Was it tomorrow? Well I guess it’ll have to wait til Thursday.

STEVE
Fine. One more day to prepare. You’ll need it, wolverine hat!

MIKE
Whatever you say, spartan hatLESS.

JOSH
Speaking of hatless...

A brief pause. I look up and notice... MY HAT IS MISSING!!! I look around in a panic and I see COLTON streaking by with it on his head. I chase after him.

MIKE
NOT OKAY!!! THIS IS NOT OKAY!!! (Though he actually looks pretty good in it I gotta say).

SCENE 3- INT. MIKE’S BEDROOM, 8/14/2012, 11PM

MEL and I are chillin’ on our bed. MEL’s got a flute out.

MELISSA
(sing-talking)
Music is a five-letter word.
M-U-S-I-C 1 2 3 4 5 that’s how many
letters are in that. It’s something
that I like to do and one of many
examples of five-letter adjectives
I like to do! Can you name another?

MIKE
...Me?

MELISSA
YES YOU!

MIKE
You like to... flute?

MELISSA
That’s an adjective?

MIKE
Sure why not.

MELISSA
Hmm...

She summons the big ol’ Mike and Melissa edition dictionary.

MELISSA
Flute. Adj. 1. To play the flute
(n.) Well if they say so. Let’s see
if I DO indeed enjoy flute...ing.

She tries to play but it sounds more like a kindergartener trying to play the recorder... a really BAD kindergartener at that. That’s right. Even worse than a NORMAL one.

MELISSA
Well, I ain’t GOOD at it... but I
think I’d like to be.

MIKE
Do it. I ain’t good at drawing but
I’d like to be.

MELISSA
Wanna do a drawing while I flute?

MIKE
...Nah...

MELISSA
Aw c’mon! We can make some medley of blind, visceral artwork that transcends our utter lack of "talent", whatever that even means.

MIKE
That sounds tempting. But nah.

MELISSA
Pfft. Lame as. You know you’re eventually gonna have to get over that whole "aw I suck at art so I’m not gonna try to improve at it because I’m a poophead" mentality.

MIKE
Yeah? And why’s that?

MELISSA
Because that ain’t gonna get you nowhere nohow. Especially not if you wanna do the art for the series and/or AS A PROFESSION.

MIKE
Well I mean, shoot. I’ve been busy with the movie and stuff.

MELISSA
I guess that’s legit... plus I bet you don’t wanna spend up too much of your energy before the show tomorrow, right?

MIKE
...Yeah...

She notices there’s something a little "off" with me.

MELISSA
That show you’re SUPER DUPER excited for and have been since you bought your ticket back in like June, RIGHT???

MIKE
I guess... I dunno I guess I’m kinda jaded to the whole metal thing after the infamous "Kings of Flint" incident.

MELISSA
Oh yeah, I remember you and Steve talking about that. Oh pardon me... you and STERRRRV!

MIKE
There ya go.

MELISSA
So... what happened at that "Kings of Flint" incident again?

MIKE
WHAT?!?!?!? I told you about it the night it happened! It was like a really big deal!!!

MELISSA
I forgot.

She shrugs, smiles and sticks her tongue out.

MELISSA
I love you.

MIKE
I love you too... even if you have the memory of a goldfish.

MELISSA
Blub blub. Did you know that goldfish need to remind themselves to breathe? If they don’t remember, then they-

She stops breathing and starts to turn blue.

MIKE
Alright, I get it. Breathe.

MELISSA
I forgot how. Maybe it’s somewhere in YOUR memory?

MIKE
Alright, I get the point!

I pull her and myself into my own head.

SCENE 4- EXT. LANSING, 7/17/2012, 5PM

My little blue PRIUS is driving on I-96 and exiting off on a roadsign reading "LANSING". MEL and I, now in skunk form, are seated atop the car.

MIKE
So let’s start from the beginning-

MEL gasps really loudly.

MELISSA
I REMEMBER HOW TO BREATHE!!!

MIKE
That’s good.

MELISSA
IT IS!!!

MIKE
ANYways, there I was driving into Lansing, blasting Iowa out of my little blue Prius, being a complete contradiction like always.

MELISSA
MY complete contradiction.

Nuzzle.

MELISSA
Who was playing that night? Other than what’s their face.

MIKE
The Contortionist, Jeff Loomis, and Chimp Spanner. It was supposed to be The Contortionist’s big release of their new CD. I also invited Josh and Steve-

MELISSA
STERRRV!

MIKE
Right, how thoughtless of me. Anyways, I invited them out but they said they were gonna be late, so it was just me. And nothing could have prepared me for what happened next.

SCENE 5- INT. BLACKENED MOON CAFE FRONT ROOM, 7/17/2012, 7PM

We’re in this stipped down little concert hall with some childish black metal paintings on the wall behind a decent stage. I’m standing there watching 7 Horns 7 Eyes, though we’re not gonna call ’em that. Basically it’s really slow death metal that isn’t doing much of anything to excite anyone. MEL and my skunk self are there too.

MELISSA
THIS was the band that caused all the chaos? These guys seem very riot-prone. Unless their goal is to lull everyone to sleep and then fill their heads with chaotic, hellish nightmares that cause them to go insane when they wake up.

MIKE
That’s a pretty brutal concept actually.

MELISSA
More brutal in concept than in execution, I’d have to say...

SINGER GUY
ROOOOOOOOO-DE-ROOOOOOOOOO.

MELISSA
Are you sure you’re not just making this story up?

MIKE
No. This isn’t the band. Come.

MEL, my past self, and my skunk self walk away to...

SCENE 6- INT. BLACKENED MOON CAFE BACK ROOM, 7/17/2012, 7PM

This room is more like a garage/storage space, with a bunch of random bits of furniture here and there. The garage door is open, with a walled-off outdoor area for smoking or hanging out or whatever your pleasure. A band we’ll call the "Kings of Flint" are warming up for their set. They got a guitar tuned down to drop A, a bass, some drums, and a mysterious glass cage. Their singer, MR. GUN, a 6’5” fat ginger in all black, is holding a gallon of water.

MIKE
THESE are the troublemakers.

MELISSA
Daw, shucks. It’s all just an image. I bet they’re all big ol’ teddy bears once you get to know ’em.

MIKE
Yeah well... keep watching.

The show begins. Open A for the bass and guitar, drum plays a simple 4/4 beat, and MR. GUN addresses the crowd.

MR. GUN
We are the "Kings of Flint", prouldy representing the 810, and we’re here to cause some hell.

He then shouts something indecipherable into the mic and chucks the gallon of water at some unsuspecting onlookers. Before my past self is aware of it, he’s being shoved by a little troll man into a doorknob. We freeze on this moment.

MIKE
So it was at THIS moment I had a bad feeling about this show.

MELISSA
Yeah a doorknob to the hip’ll do that. I bet you had a pointer for weeks.

MIKE
I did. That’s not uncommon though. The bad feeling was all in my gut. Because the force this little troll here propelled me into this door with was a little more than the friendly "I’m gonna push you around for fun haha". It’s like this guy was actually tryin’ to hurt me!

MELISSA
Well... maybe it was just a misunderstanding. Like he was just tryin’ to get people involved in the show but he had just a tad too much pep. Too much "oomph".

MIKE
Well, that’s what it seemed like at first...

My past self looks on at the crowd, which is a fairly decent mosh with people going up and doing mic shouts and other stuff. I stand by, a tad hesitantly, and look away for two seconds.

MIKE
I look away for two seconds, and then suddenly there’s enough "pep" to start fuckin’ World War III.

I look back. Now there’s a dude spittin’ fire and gagging himself in that glass chamber. There are people lying on the floor and troll creeps gangin’ up on them (instead of doing the REAL metal thing and helpin’ em up), furniture’s gettin’ kicked/thrown around, and the whole thing’s one big mess. Before I know it I’m pullin’ SOME DOUCHEBAG away from a scrum.

SOME DOUCHEBAG
GET THE FUCK OFF ME!!! I’M HARDCORE YO!!! FLINT 4 LYFE!!!

He flips me the bird and walks off.

PAST MIKE
Just chill out, dude...

MELISSA
So why didn’t you leave?

MIKE
I wanted to stick around and keep people safe in case things got out of hand. And sure enough...

A big fucker comes in carrying a baseball bat. Pretty soon, he gets pushed against a wall, and everyone, including MR. GUN, my PAST SELF, and my SKUNK SELF and MELISSA are in a scrum trying to grab this bat.

MELISSA
Oh, NOW I remember this story!

My skunk self just kinda looks at her amidst the chaos. She leans in and plants a quick kiss on my lips.

MELISSA
LOVE IN TIMES OF CHAOS IS THE BEST!!! And that’s REAL rock and roll kids.

COMMERCIAL BREAK!!!

SCENE 7- INT. BLACKENED MOON CAFE, 7/17/2012, 8PM

Elaborate single shot time! We move through the outside part of the back room, where a bunch of emo kids are helping lift each other up over the wall into the parking lot. Move into the concert place itself, where the show is still going on (half an hour before their scheduled time, mind you). One of the TROLL kids has the bat and is smacking the ground with it. Bits of furniture fly through the air, and the fire dude is still playin' with fire. Move through the door to the front room, where there's a lot of angry and confused people scurrying around. One of the FANS is givin' the business to the OWNER.

FAN
-And they're in there playing with fire without a license, in a BAR setting with open alcohol, all of which is HIGHLY illegal!

OWNER
I understand that.

FAN
And it's YOUR responsibility to keep this kind of thing under control!

OWNER
We don't HAVE security at this place. We didn't think we'd need it tonight.

FAN
DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS BAND IS???

The camera keeps panning, and we see CHIMP SPANNER up on stage.

CHIMP SPANNER
...Are we still gonna play this show?

The camera continues to pan out the door to...

SCENE 8- EXT. BLACKENED MOON CAFE, 7/17/2012, 8PM

I'm standing out in the parking lot with some of the other concert-goers, looking dumbfounded as everyone else. A GUY comes up.

SOME GUY #1
Cops are coming.

SOME GUY #2
Man... really?

SOME GUY #1
Dude inside’s playing with fire and someone brings in a baseball bat? Of course someone’s gonna call the cops eventually.

SOME GUY #2
Damn it...

SOME GUY #1
Hey, just be thankful they didn’t throw a deer carcass at the audience this time.

PAST MIKE
...WHAT???

MELISSA
Good fucking god...

MIKE
Yeah... if they HAD done that they’d’ve had to call the cops on ME.

JOSH and STEVE come up from out of nowhere.

PAST MIKE
Oh, hey. Good timing. Or maybe AWFUL timing.

JOSH
...What do you mean?

PAST MIKE
Shit’s goin’ down. I was just about to tell you not to come.

JOSH
What sort of shit?

SOME GUY #2
These assholes "Kings of Flint" were added to the bill last minute and... well, lemme put it this way. See this?

He points to his shirt, which is covered in blood spatters.

SOME GUY #2
This isn’t my blood.

STEVE
Wow. That ain’t metal.

Murmurs of agreement all around.

JOSH
So are the other bands still gonna go on?

CHIMP SPANNER walks by, holding his guitar.

PAST MIKE
I guess not.

CHIMP SPANNER
Sorry, guys. Tour manager told us to pull out. It’s a real shame, we were gonna have a good time and release The Contortionist’s CD, but some people weren’t having that I suppose.

PAST MIKE
Well... on behalf of Michigan and the United States as a whole I apologize.

CHIMP SPANNER
No, I know. It’s not just you guys. I’ve been at plenty of shows back in Britain and around the world where people get carried away, so I don’t take it personally.

PAST MIKE
I know, just... tryin’ to make a joke.

He smiles politely, then a moment of awkwardness.

CHIMP SPANNER
Well thank you all for coming out anyways, and Jeff and I will be back in Detroit in August. We WILL play for you guys, just not tonight.

He shakes our hands like a true sir and walks off. The cops start to pull up to the place.

COP #1
Alright, everyone clear out. Show’s over, time to go home.

We all groan. As I head back to my car, "Kings of Flint" and their legion of trolls emerge from the inside with a sickening look of victory on their face. I approach them.

COP #1
Sir, please step back.

COP #2
Wait, wait... this might be funny.

PAST MIKE
I just wanted to say that this was an appalling display by you guys tonight. You’ve made me embarrassed to like metal music and you’ve given a bad image to our whole community, and to yourselves. If you had any decency in your body you’d refund the ticket prices of everyone who came in here tonight and didn’t get to see the bands they wanted to see. But I sincerely doubt you do so...

I double-pump middle fingers in all of their faces. After I finish, they pull out a bunch of weapons, including that ol’ baseball bat. I start summoning energy for spirit bomb.

MIKE
And that’s when I used spirit bomb and wiped ’em all out.

SCENE 9- INT. MIKE’S BEDROOM, 8/15/12, 12AM

MEL and I are back hangin’ out on my bed, and I’m back to my stupid human form.

MELISSA
Hey, that’s good! You remembered to use spirit bomb this time!

MIKE
Well, that’s what I SHOULD have done...

MELISSA
Aw MAN! You’re never gonna use spirit bomb!

MIKE
I will someday... I did write them a nasty message on Facebook and it made my dong larger.

MELISSA
Did it really?

MIKE
...No...

MELISSA
I think I would have noticed that, heh. But are you gonna let one bad experience diminish your love of metal music and shows? I don’t buy that. Not for half a penny!

MIKE
I dunno man... it all just seems kinda childish and stupid after something like that.

MELISSA
And all those times you were raisin’ good ol’ fashioned hell and having fun? When you felt that adrenaline rush and you were able to scream out "I’M ALIVE!!!", all that was childish and stupid too?

MIKE
...Kinda.

MELISSA
THAT IS A LOAD OF POOP! In fact, it’s several. I bet you’ll go in tomorrow and in the first five minutes you’ll have it back and then some.

I look at her doubtingly. But she knows. She knows...

SCENE 10- INT. ST. ANDREW’S HALL, 8/15/2012, 7PM

MIKE
I’M ALIVE!!!

It’s Wall of Death time during VEIL OF MAYA’s set! Our side totally wins in case you were wondering (I know you were), and I bowl a guy over before taking a tumble myself. I help him up and we high-five and IT’S AWESOME!!! As the song and

the moshing continue, a girl who I would later know as TAYLOR comes out of nowhere and starts punchin’ me in the arm. I just kinda stop and look at her like "why are you punching me in the arm"?

TAYLOR
Come on, dude, it’s hardcore. Don’t be a pussy.

MIKE
Sorry, last show I went to the venue got the cops called on ’em because people kept beating each other up. So I’m not too keen on that type of behavior at these shows.

TAYLOR
Pussy. Pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy-

She starts punching me again, and I respond by chucking her into a wall of people, bowling her over. VoM’s set comes to an end, and we all celebrate. Cheery ragtime music comes on over the loud speakers. I walk over to the bar, where I see a battered up ROY and CHAD nursing their wounds.

MIKE
What happened to you guys?

ROY
I got fucked up during the wall of death. I think I might have broken one of my ribs.

He lifts up the tank top he’s wearing, revealing a gnarly, messed-up splotch around his ribs.

MIKE
Yuck! Yeah that looks pretty nasty.

ROY
Worth it though. Our side totally won.

MIKE
Heck yeah they did!

CHAD
I wish I could have joined in the wall, but I’ve been on the sidelines since the Periphery set. I made the mistake of attempting to crowdsurf, and-

MIKE
"Mistake"? Crowdsurfing is NOT a mistake, sir!

CHAD
At my weight, it is.

MIKE
Ah...

CHAD
So basically I landed on my knee and it’s all messed up.

He rolls up his pants leg, revealing a bruised and fucked up knee.

MIKE
Oof...

CHAD
You look like you’ve gotten pretty bruised up yourself. Got some scratches on ya too.

MIKE
Huh? Oh, nothing too bad. There was this girl in the last set who came out of nowhere and started punchin’ me, probably got scrathed by her nails too...

ROY
Dayumn, dude! There’s a big one going down your back.

I try looking around my back to see it.

MIKE
It’s not gushing or anything, is it?

ROY
No, but it’s still... dayumn.

MIKE
Well... at least I’ve managed to avoid any serious injuries-

TAYLOR
YOU! WITH THE HAT!

MIKE
...Until now.

TAYLOR comes up with her friend LYNDSAY as if looking for a fight.

TAYLOR
I see your game. You’re all like "oh, don’t hit me, I don’t play that game", then you turn around and hit a harmless woman!

MIKE
Well, technically, I only pushed you into the guy who wound up hitting you so...

TAYLOR
(laughing)
I’m just messin’ with you, dude. But just for good measure...

She bites my nipple.

TAYLOR
Is THAT more your style?

MIKE
...It could be.

TAYLOR
Well then... you know where to find me.

The two girls walk back to the pit area. LYNDSAY looks back, engaging in a bit of FORESHADOWING.

ROY
Dude. Look at you.

MIKE
Yeah I might learn to like this one... if she doesn’t kill me first.

I walk back to the crowd.

MIKE
You guys comin’?

CHAD
Nah dude. I think we might have to head out.

MIKE
Aw really? Lame.

ROY
You can always meet up with us after.

MIKE
I think I'll do that... there's more chaos to ensue here I'm sure, and I don't wanna miss out.

WITHIN THE RUINS is just starting their set as I walk towards the pit. I take a closer look at one of their shirts, and I notice that without a doubt they're wearing "Kings of Flint" merch! Son of a bitch! I turn back to the guys.

MIKE
Just kidding, let's get out of here before the cops come.

SCENE 11- INT. ROY AND CHAD'S ATTIC, 8/15/2012, 11PM

ROY, CHAD and I are staring up at the ceiling, lined end to end in posters, in a daze. We're listening to some good ol' cooldown jazz or something.

CHAD
Dude. My ears are still ringing.

MIKE
I'm still tingling.

ROY
My ribs are still broken.

CHAD
I wouldn't be opposed to making this a yearly thing.

MIKE
Me neither.

Pause.

MELISSA
Me neither.

Turns out MEL was hiding out in the background of one of the posters the whole time. She hops out and lands on me, giving me a sweet little lick to say "hello".

MELISSA
So much for being "jaded", right? You look more like you’re scarlet...ed. And I don’t even know what that means!

MIKE
Maybe I’m just scarlet-ed to see you. Like you are purple-d to see me!

MELISSA
Always! And don’t you forget it!

Smooch.

MELISSA
I hope you learned a lesson from all this though.

MIKE
Metal shows are more fun when people don’t bring baseball bats?

MELISSA
Yep! But on top of that, don’t get discouraged from doing something you love and enjoy doing just because you’ve had a bad experience or two. Because you know what? More likely than not once you get back into it you’ll love it just as much as ever, if not moreso.

MIKE
Righto. Lesson learned.

She gets all serious all the sudden.

MELISSA
Did you learn it though? I want to know for sure that what I’m saying is sinking in.

MIKE
...It is...?

MELISSA
Mike...

MIKE
Why so serious all the sudden?

MELISSA
I can’t explain. Just... promise me that you won’t get discouraged from stuff?

I look at her, a bit confused, but I still offer my pinky and we do that whole thing and seal it with a kiss.

MELISSA
Good. NOW, did you get that girl’s number?

MIKE
Yeah man!

MELISSA
WOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! Watch out for her friend though. Trust me.

MIKE
...Okay, for real. What’s with all these vague prognostications of doom?

MELISSA
Pfft. I dunno. All that metal’s probably made me acute to future events of doom or some shit... wear condoms.

MIKE
Oh jesus, why? Am I gonna knock someone up or get AIDS???

MELISSA
No. It’s just good advice.

I just look at her, then she swoops in and gives me a quick little kiss on the lips and I smile.

MIKE
Yeah... I guess it is.

SCENE 12- EXT. BACKYARD BOXING RING, 8/16/2012, 9AM

The DOWNRIVER crew is there getting prepped for another long day. I’m at the catering table grabbing myself some coffee, while there’s other people hanging around, including JOSH, TONY, and RYAN.

MIKE
Finally, coffee...

TONY
We missed you yesterday, Mike.

MIKE
Aw shucks, I’m flattered.

RYAN
Yeah, I learned that you never really appreciate a good boom op until you have to deal with a bad one.

MIKE
Uh oh. Did Quazi not work out?

JOSH
Not exactly...

Cut to QUAZI still standing in the exact same spot that he was in two days ago, except now he’s holding a microphone pointed at the wall.

QUAZI
I can’t hear anything...

MIKE
Well, I’m refreshed (albeit simultaneously worn out...?) from yesterday so I’m ready to resume my post-

STEVE
NOT SO FAST!

STEVE emerges, with a set of boxing gloves on, and holding another. He tosses the gloves to me.

STEVE
You and I got some unfinished business to take care of.

MIKE
Aw, c’mon man... I got my butt kicked at the show yesterday, it wouldn’t be fair.

STEVE
Chickening out again, huh? Fine, I accept your surrender ON THE CONDITION that you admit that MSU
(MORE)

STEVE (cont’d)
is far superior at every sport and furthermore every facet of life than you or your silly little school are or will ever be.

Hearing this, I go to pick up the gloves.

MIKE
Alright then. What’s one more fight in this episode gonna hurt?

STEVE
It’ll hurt your face! A lot!

We step into the ring.

MIKE
You know what music to play, Josh.

JOSH pumps some PANTERA out of his sound system. STEVE and I size each other up as the cast and crew gather around to watch. We simultaneously throw punches, and it freeze frames out like that Rocky movie. Except instead of "Eye of the Tiger" it’s playing Pantera. So it’s better.

OUTRO SEQUENCE!!!

I will never go to a King 810 show again and I highly advise you don’t go either. Unless you like getting mugged and having roadkill thrown at you. Then go ahead.